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THE PALMETTO STANDARD.

CHESTER, S. C.

WEDNESDAY, 23d JUNE, 1852.

FOR PRESIDENT:

GEN. FRANKLIN PIERCE,

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

HON. WILLIAM R. KING,

OF ALABAMA.

We place at the head of our columns the names of Gen. PIERCE, for the Presidency, and of Hon. Wm. R. King, for the Vice Presidency. Enough has been elicited since the nomination of Gen. PIERCE to satisfy even the most cautious that he is pre-eminently entitled to the support of the South. Nor does there exist any reason why the democracy of South Carolina should not cordially unite in sustaining him. Since the days of the early Presidents, no candidate has been presented for her acceptance who has more nearly approached her standard of excellence. On all the great national questions—on the Tariff, Internal Improvements, and indeed on all questions of Constitutional interpretation—he has reflected her opinions and adhered to her standards.

He now stands before her faithful and consistent advocate of principles dear to her people; and it is due to the honor of the State, it is due in justice to him and to the democracy of New Hampshire, and indeed to the friends of the Constitution every where, that we manifest our determination to yield him a ready and cordial support.

Of WILLIAM R. KING, little need be said to Democrats of the South. He has long been the favorite son of Alabama—a State that has ever stood on the front rank of the Democracy. His elevated character, his spotless reputation and his acknowledged ability, entitle him to our warmest efforts.

Refutation Meeting.

"We have been asked by several of our influential citizens," (says the *Yorkville Miscellany* of Saturday last) "to say that it is deemed expedient and will no doubt be agreeable to the wishes of the great body of our people, that a Refutation Meeting of the recent Baltimore Democratic Convention for President and Vice-President be held at York Court House. To carry out this purpose, it is proposed that a Convention of Delegates of the several Districts composing the first Congressional District convene at Yorkville on Thursday the 15th day of July next, and it is hoped that this time and place will prove acceptable to our sister Districts."

In the propriety of holding the convention suggested we fully concur, and so far as we have had the opportunity of conferring with our citizens we find that both the time and place are without objection.

We therefore propose that a meeting of the citizens of Chester District, who are favorable to the object of the contemplated Convention, be held at Chester C. H. on the first Monday in July, for the purpose of appointing delegates to meet those of the other District at Yorkville, on the 15th July.

The Whig Convention.

Up to Saturday evening the balloting for a Whig candidate in the Convention was productive of no decisive result. With the exception of a few vacillating votes, the candidates were where they began. On completing the 46th ballot, on Saturday evening, a motion was made and carried, to adjourn over to Monday morning—the Convention having been in session, with slight intermission, from 9 a. m. until ten minutes past 8 p. m. Perhaps the motion was premature was a prudent one for the friends of Mr. Fillmore; for a despatch to the Courier says:

"It is currently reported in well informed circles in Washington that had not the Convention adjourned when they did, General Scott would have been nominated, as it was well known that there were 23 Southern delegates ready to go for him the moment Mr. Fillmore began to lose votes."—*South Carolinian*.

"We are indebted to the Hon. Jas. L. Orr, for a copy of his speech on the Phrenology, delivered recently in the House of Representatives. As it possesses amongst its other excellencies the merit of brevity, we will lay it before our readers next week."

"The proper Study of Mankind, is Man."

Dr. CRANE.—This distinguished Phrenologist has been sojourning in our village for the past few days, interesting our citizens with his examinations and eloquent appeals in favor of that most difficult Science, Phrenology. After adducing many facts in support of his theory, he requested to be blindfolded and have subjects presented for his examination. In this condition he gave a most true and striking description of the character of the man; and more astonishing than all, described the personal appearance of the parents of his subject, and delineated from which he inherited his form of body and mind. This fact is alone, sufficient to convince the most skeptical, that Phrenology is founded on the principles of truth and wisdom.

Dr. Crane will remain only for a few days, and those of our friends who may desire to test his skill, will find him at the "Kennedy House."

Charlotte and Jonesboro' Road.

In another column will be found the report of a meeting held at Charlotte, on the 5th inst., for the purpose of responding to the suggestion of the citizens of Jonesboro, Tenn., relative to a Convention at Charlotte to consider the subject of a Rail Road connection between those towns. We should have noted this meeting last week, but it was overlooked.

Do our citizens intend to take any action in this matter? If so, a meeting should be called for the appointment of delegates. The citizens of Charlotte are making every necessary arrangement for the Convention; in reference to which the *Whig* says:

"We shall indulge the hope that the very ample provisions which the citizens of Charlotte are determined to make to entertain and accommodate large delegations from Western Virginia and East Tennessee, South Carolina, and Western North Carolina generally, will not be wasted, and the whole affair suffered to fall back upon the history of the past as an idle fancy. We can assure the friends of this great enterprise, everywhere, that should such a favorable result be achieved, it will not be because the citizens of Charlotte, and vicinity are not fully aroused to a sense of its great importance to every interest involved in its fate. Then let us hasten immediately from every part of the whole line."

Charleston Ratification Meeting.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Charleston, favorable to the nomination of PIERCE and KING was held in Charleston on Wednesday evening last. The meeting was presided over by Hon. W. D. PORTER, assisted by thirty-three Vice-Presidents. The following Resolutions, reported by a committee of fifty, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Democratic party of the Union has presented to the country a nomination for President and Vice President of the United States, which makes it the duty of the adherents of Southern Rights throughout the Southern States, to support that nomination.

Resolved, That approving the nomination of Franklin Pierce for the Presidency, and William R. King for the Vice Presidency of these United States, we will earnestly engage in all proper efforts to insure the success of their election.

Resolved, That a Committee of fifty be appointed for the purpose of corresponding with the Democracy of this State, who are prepared to unite with us in this effort, and adopting such other measures as may be necessary for the success of this movement.

We append the remarks of the gentlemen who addressed the meeting, as reported in the *Charleston papers*:

"Mr. PORTER on taking the Chair, expressed his hearty concurrence in the object of the meeting. Though South Carolina had not sent delegates to the Baltimore Convention, not choosing to commit herself to every thing that Convention might do—still he held himself ready to approve and sustain the nomination, in case it proved satisfactory to her. Such had been the result. The Convention had presented candidates in every way worthy the warm support of South Carolina. Franklin Pierce would have been the man of her choice. He was no office-seeker—no trimmer for popular favor. His tastes were rather for private life, and he forsook only at the call of his country. He was of the strictest sect of the Republican school—of the Liberty and Democracy of New Hampshire; and though by a corrupt coalition that noble State had for a time been subjected to other influences, yet, under the leadership of Franklin Pierce, she was now ready to throw off the disgraceful thralldom, and once more rally under the true banner of the Democracy. It had been said he once stood up for Abolition principles. This was false, and the record will prove it. A thorough examination of all his votes and speeches, would show that he never was in favor of receiving Abolition petitions except to lay them on the table without printing, referring or taking any action upon them.

Of Mr. KING, it was not necessary to say anything. He was the cherished son of a Southern sister, was known to us all, and the Senate in electing him as its President, had only anticipated the verdict of the people.

Mr. Macbeth, in support of the resolutions, said they would be heartily approved by the Democracy there gathered. He was as much opposed as any to all presidential scrambles, but when the Democrats in Convention nominated the right man, we were always ready to respond to any measure that might be presented to do right, and gave an impulse to the policy of the South.

The man they now present is of the school we admire; his whole life had been true to the Constitution, and even his enemies charged him with being more strict than Mr. Calhoun. He was always foremost in opposition to our enemies, and whilst he was not willing to allow them to charge the issue before the country, and base their cause on the right of petition, he was ready to adopt any measure that might be presented for the reprobation of the country, the disturbers of its peace.

Col. Memminger seconded the resolutions. They would meet a hearty response everywhere in the South. He remembered the many times he had met in this hall before, during a time of high excitement. Some had rallied there under one banner, and others under a different one, but all had in view the same objects—the honor and interests of the country. Such was his object now. The people of the State had been divided as to the mode of redressing our grievances, whilst those of the Southern States had differed from both parties in this State. They thought that our wrongs may be redressed in the Constitution, and even his enemies charged him with being more strict than Mr. Calhoun. He was always foremost in opposition to our enemies, and whilst he was not willing to allow them to charge the issue before the country, and base their cause on the right of petition, he was ready to adopt any measure that might be presented for the reprobation of the country, the disturbers of its peace.

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Mr. Magrath said he was proud of the opportunity which was offered him of pledging himself to enter heartily into the contest for Pierce and King. He believed it to be his duty, and the duty of the State to do so. Pierce was a man ever true to his principles, firm and consistent in maintaining the rights of the whole country. Though he had been charged with harshness and abuse must necessarily attend his course, he did not stop to consider these, but stood up boldly and on all occasions, for the rights of the whole country. And even now, the enemies of the South, from the East and West, are plotting together, how they may oppose and injure him. The abolitionists and free-soilers are rallying their forces, and preparing for the contest. And shall we, when our friends are heart and sorely oppressed, because they are our friends, shall we in that hour look on coldly and indifference? I say, we cannot oppose you, but our consistency and dignity require that we give you but a cold, reluctant support.

What would you say of a man in private life, who after receiving the friendly offices of a company who had encountered opposition and abuse in defending him, should turn and say, when that friend required his support, "I will give it, but I do so reluctantly, because I have no other choice." Would it not be more dignified, manly, generous, and responsive to the call, with a cheerful spirit and a ready hand? Yes. Perish such consistency! Yes, perish everything rather than South Carolina should turn coldly from her friend in an hour like this. No, this would not be. The Democracy of Charleston have rallied from every District in the State, the echo would come back to us, until with one loud unbroken voice, the State of South Carolina would send back to their friends the answer that becomes Carolinians!

VERDICT IN A GAMBLING CASE.—An interesting case was tried in the New-York Superior Court, on Thursday. It was the case of John Taylor vs. Shirlcock Hillman, to recover \$3,500 paid by Taylor to Hillman for a gambling debt. This is one of the instances where ruin great enterprises have been brought on by a propensity for gambling. Taylor got with his wife, \$7,000; he borrowed \$1,000, and by gambling failed for \$15,000; lost an extensive comb establishment, and is now a cartoon in New-York, earning \$1 per day. Verdict for plaintiff in full amount claimed.

Editorial Miscellany.

A new Democratic paper is about to be established at Charlotte, N. C., to be edited by ROBERT P. WARING, Esq. Notwithstanding that "Old Mecklenburg" has ever been democratic to the core, Charlotte would seem to be, of all places the most unfavorable for a Democratic paper. Our old friend HOLZ, who is a well-died Whig, has stood his ground amid all changes, and yet breathes as freely as though his lungs were inflated with the purest Whig atmosphere. We wish the new Democratic paper greater success and a more extended vitality than have fallen to the lot of its predecessors.

Col. WM. H. GIST.—We see by the *Unionville Journal* of Friday last, that in pursuance of an understanding had between Col. Gist and Maj. GILES, the two competitors for the Senatorship of Union District, the former has withdrawn, and leaves to Maj. GILES an open field. This relieves the District of an exciting contest.

Many of our contemporaries are reveling in the luxury of presentation copies of large beets, mammoth potatoes, tall rye, and extensive cabbagees. The *Yorkville Miscellany* has been shown a bunch of 41 stalks of wheat, the product of one grain, some of the heads measuring 6 1/2 inches in length. If these should "shell out" as did those of which the *Cheraw Gazette* speaks, (62 grains to the head,) we would have the unparalleled productiveness of twenty-five hundred fold! The *Newbury Sentinel* boasts of a beet 22 inches in circumference and weighing 4 pounds; besides a bird's egg 3 inches in length, of an inch in diameter, and shaped like a crooked-neck gourd! Hatch that egg, and give us the result.

CHOLERA IN VIRGINIA.—Recent accounts state that the Cholera has broken out with much violence in Western Virginia, chiefly on the Kanawha River. Its ravages have been so far confined to the slaves who are exposed to the weather, and to whites of intemperate habits. Similar reports reach us from some parts of Kentucky.

Col. MEMMINGER.—We infer from the remarks made by Col. MEMMINGER at the Ratification meeting in Charleston, that he contemplates retiring from the public service. He has been for many years a member of the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, where his abilities and his acknowledged integrity of purpose have given him a position of influence possessed perhaps by no other member of that body.

Our Democratic friends are moving on "all sides of us, and we would urge our friends in the city to assemble as soon as possible, "that Charleston may give that tone to public opinion, in the nomination to the rest of the State, "which she is entitled, from her position, to indicate as the popular sentiment of South Carolina."

The above from the *Evening News*, is without doubt the coolest piece of Charleston impudence that has yet come our way. Entitled from her position to mark out and give tone to the sentiment of the people of the State! The *New* man is decidedly verdant.

The Democratic Free Soilers cannot wholly smother their dissatisfaction with the Democratic nominations and Platform. A number of them have agreed, in caucus at Washington, to oppose the ticket, and the *National Era*, the organ of the faction, is openly out against it. On the other hand John Van Buren thinks he can stand on the platform first rate. As for that, John can stand almost anywhere—his daddy could before him.

The Hon. JAMES L. ORR, has declared in unequivocal terms his willingness to yield a warm support to PIERCE and KING. No other member of the Congressional delegation from this State has as yet formally declared his position; but it is understood that all are favorably disposed toward the Democratic nominees.

Our Exchanges.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

This is the title of a very excellent musical publication, two numbers of which have been forwarded to us by the publisher. To the musician it is of great value, containing as it does in each number two or more pieces of new music for the piano, besides a great variety of information, news items, &c. pertaining to music and musicians. It is published on the 1st and 15th of each month, by OLIVER Dyer, 257, Broadway, New York—\$1.50 per annum, an extremely low price for such a work.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

The publisher of this standard magazine will accept our thanks for his compliment of the back numbers of the current volume.

Now that the Presidential contest is opened, the pages of this work must possess an especial interest to every one who takes note of the progress and development of democratic principles and measures. It is the acknowledged organ of the party, and is edited with very great ability.

Apart, however, from its merits as a political work, the *Review* is an excellent literary Magazine, and in its pages are found many articles of more and original literary excellence and value, many from the pens of our most popular writers.

The *Review* is beautifully printed, each number containing a fine engraving of some distinguished Democrat. Published by D. W. HOLLY, New York—\$3 per annum.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Contents of April number: 1. Tronson du Couray; 2. National Education; 3. Farini's State Romano; 4. Athenian Architecture; 5. Investment for the Working Classes; 6. John Knox's Liturgy; 7. Mallet du Pan; 8. Rookwood's Whig Ministry of 1850; 9. Squier's Nicaragua; 10. Lord Derby's Ministry and Protection.

See advertisement on 4th page.

THE EDGEFIELD ADVERTISER.

This admirably conducted and truly excellent paper appears before us with a new and beautiful heading and considerably enlarged. We are gratified with this evidence of the *Advertiser's* prosperous pecuniary condition, and we wish it the highest success to which the labors of its accomplished editors so eminently entitle it.

THE NORTH AMERICAN MISCELLANY.

The June number of this choice magazine presents its usual variety of useful and entertaining miscellany. It is illustrated with two views of American Scenery, Chocoma's Cliff

and Silver Castle, White Mountains. Published by Angell, Engel & Hewitt, New York—\$1 per annum.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

Godfrey has given us truly a magnificent number of this magazine for July. It is a double number of 112 pages with four full-page engravings. "The First Truht" is a beautiful picture and executed in the highest style of art. The "Summer Home" and "Rustic Pavilion" are pretty embellishments, being specimens of a new style of colored printing on a power press. This number contains an interesting article upon Calico Printing, besides many other articles of useful and entertaining reading.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Gleanings of the Outdoors.

Mr. Editor.—On Saturday, 12th of June, in the year of grace, 1852—and of secession that was to have been the first, changing to be near the line of the C. & S. C. Rail Road, I observed a "steam-gin" with a long tail after it—in addition to the usual train, there being a number of those boxes usually fitted up for the use of travelling menageries, and ironically called "accommodation cars." I was immediately reminded that I had seen in your paper some notice of a Rail Road excursion, wherein and whereby everybody and his family were invited to look at scenery, bridge, &c., including a water-cure view of the Catawba, with the privilege of free fishery. The question occurred "who was invited?" or, who (to use the language of an eminent lawyer) "came within the purview of the act?" There were none to be found below Chesterville, disposed to look at bridges, solicit catfish, or treat themselves and families to a "ride on a rail," for half price! The good citizens of your myri-hilled and rock-riddled metropolis, we are aware, must be connoisseurs in scenery—rock work, especially, and felt great curiosity to see that bridge which was so highly eulogized in your Court House last November. Many of us country citizens, and dwellers in the Mesopotamia of Brund and Catawba Rivers, if condemned to live for a space in your village, would eagerly embrace every opportunity extended by the liberality of a R. R. Company, to leave home even for a day, and take a tip of the Catawba, or look at something natural and great, even a bridge.

We acquiesce therefore, in the propriety of such invitations directed to you, and hope all our villagers, (including the Editor, who is ex-officio historiographer to all such expeditions,) will take every opportunity of going out to see scenery and hedgewood—to look on rocks without being compelled to drink rock-water or stumble over pavements narrow as the margin of a yellow covered, or the skirt of a full dress "bloomer," crooked as the course of a Virginia fence or politician, and rocky as if nature in a Meadamsian mood, had drawn up all the loose rocks in one district, and rained them down on one devoted spot.

It was very right, we say, that you should be invited—but why are others debarred? Can we not look at hedgewood and scenery, with some sort of least, if not with the critical acumen of a villager? Admitting that we have greater inducements to stay at home, is it the business of the Rail Road to keep us there? Does not the Company seem very strained in their "would if I could" sort of liberality, when to carry passengers 24 miles to look at a bridge, empty cars are taken over 60 miles of road, and past many stations that would have furnished passengers—ladies good looking enough to grace any excursion train—gentlemen, competent to condemn bridge-work, and boys eager to dip their hooks in the Catawba. It is respectfully solicited, Mr. Editor, that the following questions be answered by competent authority, in order to satisfy public attention, which is now wonderfully exclusive, in reference to such topics.

What constitutes an extra train? Who lays and fires the said train? Is said train ever attached to a train of circumstances? If so, who is conductor? What is scenery, and what the great distinction between natural and theatrical scenery? If going 24 miles constitutes a Rail Road excursion, what is a Rail Road digression? Does the proposition to carry passengers for "one fare" limit male travellers to one ward, or sweetheart, or does it imply that on other occasions the Road charges two prices? If man's life is but one span, how long is that bridge? When will it be finished, and will the Company then have a "pocket full of rocks"? Who was Franklin Pierce's grandfather? When are we to have an extra train, so that we can look at a bridge?

Hoping for satisfactory answers, we remain, very respectfully your obedient servants,

Blacklocks and therabouts.

June 14, 1852.

[FOR THE PALMETTO STANDARD.]

Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of Beaver Dam Division, Sons of Temperance, held on Saturday the 19th inst., the following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, we are again called upon to mourn the loss of a beloved member of our Division, in the death of Past worthy Patriarch, Wm. C. HEATH, who by his devotion to the interest of the Division and his uniform kindness towards the members of the order, secured to him the warmest affections of the entire membership of our Division. His loss will be severely felt by us, but it is our duty to submit to the dispensation of a wise Providence, no matter how insupportable to us; and in this instance we do so with feelings the better reconciled, from the fact that he left a dying testimony, that he had nothing to fear in reference to his happiness in a world to come.

Resolved, That in the death of our beloved brother, P. W. C. Wm. Chapman Heath, Beaver Dam Division, has lost a valuable member, who will long be remembered, as a devoted friend to the cause of temperance, one whose extreme modesty and high-toned moral and religious principles, gave him a place in our warmest affections, which will not soon be obliterated.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the widow and family in their sad bereavement, and do hereby tender to them our condoleances in their affliction, under this dispensation of Providence.

Resolved, That as a testimony of our respect for the memory of our beloved brother, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and continue our Division room in mourning for the same period, and dedicate a page of our Record Book to his memory, on which shall be inscribed his name, his age, the date of his initiation, and day of his death.

Resolved, That a copy of the Resolutions be handed to the widow of the deceased, and published in the *Palmetto Standard* and *S. C. Temperance Advocate*.

From the Charlotte N. C. Whig.

Railroad Meeting at Charlotte.

A meeting of the citizens of Mecklenburg county was held at Charlotte, on the 5th of June, 1852. J. W. Osborne was called to the Chair, and B. Oates appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was explained by the Chair to be to respond to a proposition of the citizens of Jonesboro, Tenn., to hold a convention on the 5th of July in this town, for the purpose of constructing a Rail Road from this town to Jonesboro.

The following resolutions were submitted by J. H. Wilson, Esq.: That we regard the proposition to construct a Rail Road from this town to Jonesboro, Tenn., of great importance to the interests of Western No. Carolina, and that we regard it as holding out the best place of connecting by direct communication the Ohio with the Atlantic.

Resolved, That we will co-operate with the friends of the enterprise in any effort which may be regarded as tending to a speedy completion of so desirable an object.

Resolved, That we most cordially accept the proposition to meet in general convention at this place, the friends of this enterprise (as proposed by the committee of the Jonesboro Convention) on the 5th of July next.

Resolved, That 20 delegates be appointed by the friends of this enterprise to attend the proposed Convention at this place, on the 5th of July next, and that all persons interested be invited to attend.

The following gentlemen were appointed by the Chairman as delegates to the Convention: C. J. Fox, Jos. H. Wilson, P. Waring, B. Oates, D. Parks, John Springs, Leroy Springs, John H. Caldwell, B. W. Alexander, Gen. J. A. Young, W. R. Myers, William Johnston, M. B. Williams, R. F. Davidson, A. C. Williamson, M. T. Taylor, John F. W. Wm. W. Elms, Andrew Springs, D. A. Caldwell.

S. N. Hutchinson, Jos. H. Wilson, and C. F. Fox, Esqrs., were appointed by the Chairman as the Committee of Correspondence.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the North Carolina Whig and that other papers friendly to the enterprise be requested to copy.

J. W. OSBORNE, Chairman.

B. OATES, Secretary.

Fatal Affray.

Our city was yesterday the scene of a serious and fatal affray, between Mr. Robert Leckie, proprietor of the Umbrella Manufactory, 179, King-street, and Mr. Augustus Hall, bookkeeper at the Dry Goods establishment of Mr. Bancroft. The affair resulted in the death of the latter. The circumstances leading to this sad result were as follows: On the previous day, (Sunday,) a party of gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Leckie, were engaged in a game of quills at one of the popular resorts near the city. Mr. Leckie refused to join the party upon the ground that Mr. Leckie was no gentleman.

A personal attack was threatened by Mr. Leckie, who threw off his coat. Hall seizing a loaded whip to repel the assault. The affair, however, interrupted by parties present, when Mr. Hall informed Mr. Leckie that he could have any satisfaction he wanted by calling at his store the next day. On the following morning, (yesterday,) a friend of Mr. Leckie's called upon Mr. Hall, who refused any satisfaction through a personal encounter; whereupon that gentleman declined any further connection with the affair, telling Mr. Leckie that he must be prepared for hostile measures in the event of any determination on his part to push striking the brick-work at the edge of the door. Mr. Leckie was conveyed into the store of Mr. De Land, where, in the course of fifteen minutes, he expired.

A coroner's Jury was held by Magistrate Rhett, the decision of which was as follows: "That, in Beaufain-street, on the 14th, from a wound inflicted on the right side of the abdomen by a ball discharged from a revolver in the hands of Augustus Hall, the said R. P. Leckie died immediately."

Thus has our city again been made the scene of one of those disgraceful proceedings so calculated to affect its general reputation for order and quietness. Independent of the influence of such examples, the security of the citizen calls for some active measures on the part of those entrusted with its welfare against such unwarrantable and lawless proceedings.—*So. Standard*, 15th inst.

MELANCHOLY END OF A ROMANCE.—A letter to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, dated May 27th, gives a narrative of an ill-assorted marriage, as follows:

"In 1839 and 1840, Catlin, the painter, exhibited a number of Indians in London, among whom was Cadotte, an interpreter. Sarah Haynes, a beautiful English girl of sixteen, became enamored of Cadotte, and they were married. On reaching America, the romance of love was over; for two or three years they resided on the banks of the river St. Clair, on the little property the bride, as possessed of, and since that at St. Paul, where she taught French and music, to the time of her decease. She retained her beauty to the last, although exposed to many hardships by living in a birch bark lodge with an Indian husband.—She died of a fever, and her death leaving no children to mourn the sad effects of an infatuated matrimonial match."

ARABIC.—Rev. E. T. Winkler, speaking of Wilmington, N. C., is his correspondence to the Southern Baptist, thus notices a somewhat interesting Negro in that town:

"I did not see the great curiosity of the place—a native African, Amor, by name—who reads and writes the Arabic with facility. He is now about eighty-three years of age. His acquisitions were made in Africa. He joined the church at the age of forty-five. He is, I am informed, the property of Gen. Owen, but on account of his vast age, is entirely released from labor. His eyes, nevertheless, have not become dim, nor has his hand forgot its cunning. On the cars the Rev. Dr. Hall, of Trenton, showed me a specimen of his writing—the Lord's Prayer in Arabic. It was written in large bold and legible characters."

THE COLUMBUS TWINS.—We saw yesterday, at the Carolina Hotel, two fine looking negro children, who are quite a match for the Siamese Twins, whose exhibit is created so much attention some years ago. They are connected by the vertebrae, and present one of the most extraordinary freaks of nature on record. We learn that the proprietor will carry them to the North for exhibition—commencing at Petersburg, Va.—*Wilmington, (N. C.) Commercial*.

AN ELOPEMENT.—Some excitement was created in this city last evening and to-day, by the elopement of a German named Otto Schonenberg, whose lady gave several concerts at the Lyric Hall a short time since, and Mrs. Isaac Parker, the former aged about thirty, and the latter, we believe, somewhat older. They left yesterday afternoon for Jersey City, where they were seen together, and the husband, the lady followed, and by the help of officers succeeded in arresting Schonenberg last night as he was returning from New York to Jersey City, with the intention, it is said, of coming to this city for his clothes. He was arrested on a charge of grand larceny and adultery, and is now lodged in Bergen jail, whence he will be brought to Newark to-day. It is supposed that the *laison* has been in progress for some months, and it may probably be recollected that Dr. Newman was held to bail some time since at the instigation of Schonenberg on a charge of defaming the lady, which was probably a stratagem to shield himself from a threat of Newman's to reveal his suspicious to her husband. Before leaving New York, Mrs. Parker purchased over \$500 worth of goods in jewelry, clothes, &c. and also took several hundred dollars in money. It is thought their intention was to embark in the Humboldt today for Europe, perhaps Germany, where Schonenberg's father, and his wife, are a man of property, resides. Mrs. Parker's husband and family connections are highly respectable, and public sentiment sympathizes with them deeply, while it regards the guilty parties with unambiguous indignation.—*Newark Advertiser*, June 5.

GENUINE POETRY.—There is so little genuine poetry now-a-days, that it is quite refreshing to meet with so beautiful a gem as the following: "None but those who have loved and understood passion," can fully appreciate the intensity of the poet's "phelicks." It of course must be surmised that Miss Elizabeth (dearly called Betsy) was a charming girl, and well worth the poet's adoration. The beauty and sublimity of the following lines:

"My love, she is my heart's delight,
Her name it is Miss Betsy;
I'll go and see her this very night,
If Heaven and mother 'll let me."

But, alas! for the moralizations and disappointments that poets are doomed to suffer. On the head-board of the young man's bed, the chamber-maid found, written in chalk, the next morning:

"I loved Miss Betsy, well I did,
And I went there for to tell her;
But like to goose-grease quick I slid,
For she had another feller."

AUSTRALIAN GOLD.—The reports if not well attested, of the yield of Australian gold, would seem as fabulous as those which were related at the commencement of the Californian discoveries. The effect on the population of that British colony is such that not only those engaged in ordinary industrial avocations are fleeing to the places of discovery; but police officers and persons engaged in the ordinary administration of justice are throwing up their offices, and very large salaries are found insufficient to occupy them. The total amount of gold exported from Victoria (Australia) at the last date has reached, at a valuation of 60s. per ounce, the sum of £912,000. The miners were daily spreading over a large surface of country, and already extending their operations 40 miles from Mount Alexander, on the river London, and were likely soon to arrive at the Murray.

The names of the three principal localities, were Forest Creek, Golden Gully, and Red Hill.

NOR GUILTY.—Mrs. Slocum was tried at the late term of the district Court at Bastrop, Texas, for the murder of a man named Forbes, and acquitted. She had shot Forbes, on account of the ruin of her daughter.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 16th inst., by Rev. S. L. Watson, Mr. J. L. ADAMS, of York District, to Miss EMMA, youngest daughter of the late Robert Robinson of this District.

DIED.

At his residence, near Cedar Shoals in this District, on Tuesday, the 15th inst., WM. CHAPPELL HEATH, in the 34th year of his age. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss.

Humorous Reading.

THE YANKEE'S FEWTER DOLLAR.

Travellers have all discovered that strange making their doings in large or small villages, generally create more or less sensation among the "natives," who—if the stranger puts on the slightest degree of mystery, or wears among them any length of time—lose no place, nor spare no exertions to get him to the very bottom. In one of these localities, the overgrown village of Dayton, Ohio, several years ago, there made his appearance a long-legged, lean and lank specimen of human nature, whose tout ensemble bespoke him from "the land of pork and beans," or as some seem to reckon it, "the land of steady habits"—away down East! The critter seemed somewhat out of his latitude, and how, or whether he came, none appeared able to elucidate; but certain it was, the stranger created no little sensation and observation as he sauntered about the village, peeping at this and peeping into that, with his eyes carefully stowed away into the deep recesses of his capacious pockets, and his old, fuzzy white hat, knocked and "crowded" into all manner of acute angles and indentations, sitting jauntily upon his low-backed, covered head. He had been seen making his way into the village, by the two-park of the canal, towards Cincinnati, early in the morning; and about noon, after having pretty well threaded each by-way, lane, street, avenue and alley of the village, he brought up at a safe and beer shop near the centre of the place, and immediately stalked into the aforesaid depot of cheap fodder. A Dutchman kept the shop, and as it was a place of common resort of the idlers and stragglers, it was tolerably well stored when our down east genus popped his long, hatched-shaped stick into it. He took a cool survey of things in general, and the pyramids of gingerbread bits and things in particular.

"Howdy, deo!" says he, giving the old fat Dutchman, behind the counter a familiar nod, which the cake and beer man returned with another nod, and a sort of low guttural vibration between that of a snort and grunt.

"Guess you got some cakes and beer here, haime?"

"Well, I think I have a few," says the beer man.

"Well, you hev, that's a fact; well, you, I'm durned hungry; haime had a bit o' nothing to eat today, and guess I'll hev a few o' them notions any way," says the stranger, who by this time was the cynosure of all eyes, and the object of considerable merriment to the crowd in and about the beer-shop. The Dutchman and the Yankee 'dickered' awhile about quantity and price, but finally the snatter being adjusted, the Yankee sat down upon a whiskey cask, arranged his fodder before him at the end of the counter, and started his masticating fossils, full chizzle.

"Stranger," says one of the crowd "I'll bet somethin' you're a Yankee."

"Well, guess you'd win ten, on that," says the Yankee.

"O! I know'd you was, you're all terrible critters for gingerbread, haime you!" continued the inquirer.

"Ye-es," says the Yankee, taking a pull at his beer, "I reckon we doan devour it once in a while. 'Taint hard to take when a feller's innards are right on to a collapse."

"Whar do you hail from when you're at home, any how?"

"Where deon I hail from?" says the Yankee.

"Yes, whar dy'e b'long?" continued the questioner.

"Where deon I belong? Ye-as, (another swig of the beer) well, ye-as, acen't it yoo, I'll tell you. I com from a mighty ways down towards sunrise; ye-as, mighty surprisin' folks down here for yery toon, always up afore the sun, darned old critter, often hev to give it a pry in the cold mornin' to get it up off about its business. Fact, by golly! Wern't for spy folks down there in Maine, guess ye'd hev toon to doon without a sun 'casionally used this way, for it often takes heap o' coaxin' and stirrin' to get the old blazer to rise and spread himself!"

"Reckon you have mighty cold snaps down that way?" says one.

"Cold snaps?" says the Yankee. "I guess we deon git up a liddle the coldest snaps, down there in Maine, 'casionally, ever you did see, perhaps."

"What do you call cold weather, down there among you Yankees?"

"What deon we call cold weather?" says he. "I'll tell you, squire, when the cattle's tails drop clean off, and the grind-stone busts, when a ram's horns snap like pipe-stems, and the cow's bags freeze up; when snow falls fifteen feet upon a level, and hard enough on top to bear an ox; when four and half foot freezes, and the fire goes out; then, just about then, squire, we consider it's a mighty cold snap o' weather."

"This picture of cold weather symptoms in Maine tickled the crowd amazingly, and the laugh seemed to 'fire up,' the Yankee—

"Guess you needn't take on so about it; but five dollars you haint got no sich snaps out here, any way?" As no disposition manifested itself among the crowd to chalk up the Yankee's weather in Maine, the critter choked down his rising dander, and with a gulp swallowed down the residue of his beer, crowded the last cake into his mouth, and giving that aperture a wipe with the back of his bony hand, he faced the Dutchman.

"Now, landlord, cipher up the damages, and I'll square the account."

"Well, dere vos der beer, six, and dere vos der cakes, tep, dat vos sixteen cents."

"Sixteen cent-ist? I swar that's a heap o'

money to invest in cakes and beer, any how; sixteen cents? Guess twelve and a half will doon, want it?"

"No, dot it wont," says the beer man; "choost down mit der monies."

"Well, now, guess you needn't get riled up about it, any how; guess I kin plank the penter without gitin' catankerous about it. But speose you call it just fourteen cents, cash up and no grumblin'."

"Bosh!" growls the Dutchman; "down mit der monies, and clear out of mine house mit yer tampt Yankees."

"O! now, sheow your monkey, will you?" Guess yeon can't akeer a feller, no heow; but I say, yeon, hold your gizzard and let's arrange business; fourteen cents—and a cigar; whar dy'e say?"

Ready to explode, the old Dutchman frothed like a fresh tapped beer cask; but finding that his cool, self-possessed antagonist was not to be gotten rid of without a pecuniary advantage, the Dutchman made the sacrifice, dumped down a 'meles' on the counter, and demanded the cash, fourteen cents, in full!

Leisurely hauling out an old greasy wallet, carefully encircled with innumerable tapes and yarns, a Spanish dollar was brought forth, the wallet closed up, stowed away, and the dollar patiently placed upon the counter by the imperturbable down-easter.

"Now, there's the pewter, jest smash that and take out your bill," says he.

The moment the Dutchman put his fingers on the dollar, his Dutch blood seemed to centre in his expansive face; so red, flaming red became this locale, that a candle might have been ignited therein.

"Shorge! Shorge!" bawls the beer man to one of his deputies, "run down to squire's and gid der constable cum quick, for distan Yankee got der counterfeit moniah!"

Maybe there wasn't a general muss! The Yankee abroad; at all times a genus of supposed duplicity, trickiness, sharp bargains, and cute 'dodges,' was at this critical epoch—the time that Ohio was so bountifully supplied with 'bogs,'—and by his suspicious maneuvering, made an especial object of mistrust and doubt. The bare mention of his presenting a counterfeit dollar was the cue for all the lookers-on to rush up to the counter, surround the down easter, and examine the dollar, while the deputy shopkeeper made a break for the constable!

The whole movement was so suddenly executed that 'down east' found himself in the hands and fangs of the law before he could well say 'punks!' A grand raft of folks honored the 'down east' with a procession to the office of that high and mighty puissant arm of the municipal law—the magistrate.

"Passing counterfeit money, eh?" inquired the magistrate of the plaintiff.

"Yaw; dat ish de monies, vot he vos pass on me," says the Dutchman.

"Umph, ah! yes, yes, base counterfeit rascally fraud!" continues the magistrate feeling the greasy white coin, which was knicked with a pen knife, rung, smelled, and otherwise tested by the *testes de circumstantibus*.

"Well, Mr. Bonwig," says his honor, "go on and tell how and when this transaction took place, and all about it." His honor then gave a magisterial snort and cough, and the beer man went on to state his case.

"Vell, den, squire, I vos behint mine counter, all by myself, mit Shorge, mine clerk, and all dese oder gent-men vos shandering dere too; vell, vile I vos going out, dis tam—"

"Come, come, sir, no swearing here, Mr. Bonwig," says the magistrate.

"Vell, den, squire, dis t-Yankee com in mine shop, eat mine cakes and drink mine beer, den he t-ta- (magistrate shakes his head) den he, dis Yankee, shews me down to fourteen cents, and den he gives dis ta- (frown from the magistrate) dish bogle toot, vot ish a tam shupish counterfeit!"

"I shall fine you, sir, five dollars for that oath, sir," says the magistrate in rage.

"That's right, squire, put it teon the darn'd critter; consarn him!"

"Silence, you rascal, or I'll send you to the penitentiary without a hearing!" says the foaming magistrate to the Yankee, who had, up to the moment of breaking silence, been quietly chipping off the top of a very ugly cane in his possession.

"O! well, squire, if you say so, guess I'll shet pan at once; and if you jest hand over that pewter o' mine, guess I'll put out of der mine, any how."

"Will you, any how?"

"This will you? We'll see about that, you rascal," responded the magistrate. "Now, constable," he continued, "search the rascal, see how much of the base coin he has secreted about him." And the Yankee was forthwith fumbled over, tumbled, and tossed, and every seam and quarter of his rough, plain, and substantial torgery duly scrutinized, and the contents—a large jack-knife, piece of chalk, strings, a wallet, and two letters—were placed upon the desk of the magistrate. The contents of the wallet exhibited several hundred dollars in good specie-paying bank funds, a gold piece, and two five francs, all genoo-ine stuff; although the court tried mightily hard to throw some doubts upon the purity of the funds, it was no go, and the attempt to question the means by which so much money came into the possession of such a queer, common-looking biped, proved equally futile, as the examination of the letters indicated very distinctly, that the down-easter had a 'dad' and 'mam' of some repute in the State of Maine, and heaps of love, affection, and regard, for their perambulating offspring, now in the meshes of the western law.

"Have you been robbing any body, sir?" are these your letters, and this your money, sir?" inquires the magistrate, keenly scrutinizing the Yankee.

"Well, squire, I reckon as heow them documents be mine, ef I know anything about law and gospel. And—"

"What is you callin'—what do you follow for a living?" interrupted the magistrate.

"What deon I follow for a livin'?" Ye-as; well, squire, I live about like other folks, draw breath principally, and—

"Come, sir, no impudence," says the magistrate, "answer direct and to the point."—How come you in possession of this counterfeit dollar, this vile fraud, eh?"

"Counterfeit!" says the Yankee, with evident spirit, "counterfeit dollar? Squire, deon you pretend to say that dollar is counterfeit?"

"Counterfeit, sir! Certainly I do; and if you don't render a ready and distinct account of how it came into your possession, I'll commit you forthwith!"

"Well, perhaps you will," says the self-possessed down easter. "But I calculate, to prove yeon no judge of specie, if you be of law, and I jest bet yeon or any body else, squire, that that are dollar there is genoo-ine stuff, and nothin' else. A fast rate, rale genoo-ine Spanish dollar, by jingo!"

"Why, you rascal," says the magistrate, "don't I know good money from bad?"

"Calkeate yeon don't, squire. Ef yeon want to bet on it, I've got the documents to lay up any how!" says the Yankee.

"Bait him! Bait him, squire! Safe bait, squire!" was the cry in court; and the magistrate, in the heat of the excitement and apparent safety of the "rascal," (i.e., having all the funds in his hands) forgot his dignity and authority, and cried out:

"I'll bet you fifty dollars that this is a bogus dollar!"

"Done," says the Yankee with the utmost coolness; "done, squire. Jest lay of your rale genoo-ine o' my hull wallet there, and ef I lose—rake 'em all down!"

"That I will," says his honor, "and send you to Columbus into the bargain, sir!"

"O! yeon needn't give yeoursel' any on-cesness 'bout me, perfect business transaction, squire; and I cal-kelate it'll all come out nice and square, any how!"

"Now, we'll soon settle this," says the squire.

"Here you, Jones, you're a silver smith, feel this dollar?"

"Jones felt the dollar, grinned, smelt, gave two grins—

"Pew-ter or Brittain, squire!" says Jones.

"You," says the Yankee to Jones; "do yeon know seel-veer when you see't?" he continued grinning at the silver-smith.

"Reckon I ought to," says he.

"Fire in that stove o' yeon's squire? (squire nodded 'yes') Well, now, jest give me ten tongs and the dollar, so; now, squire, dunt get alarmed, no locus pokers 'bout this (all were on the tenter hooks of excitement; but by jest holding) that dollar over their coals a minute and a half, I fetch it out a bran, spick and span bright and genoo-ine dollar!"

The mob rushed up to the desk, where the Yankee dropped the dollar from the tongs, and before you could say John Robinson, Esq., the silversmith bawled—

"Squire! you've lost, by thunder! It is a good dollar, been covered with tin foil or quicksilver!"

The entire crowd acknowledged the corn, the magistrate "confessed" it at last; but in consideration of handing back the Yankee his wallet and contents, dollar, &c., he generously said they'd call it square, and he would let the stranger off!

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